COMMUNITY SONGS

"Let us have a Singing, Smiling, United People"

COMMUNITY SERVICE OF BOSTON, Inc.

10 PARK SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

GEORGE S. DANE.....Director Community Singing Dept.

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1 (3/4) **STAR-SPANGLED BANNER** B flat

Music—Francis Scott Key *Words*—John Stafford Smith

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2 (3/4) **AMERICA** G

Words—S. F. Smith *Music*—Henry Carey

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

3 (4/4) **BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC** B flat

Words—Julia Ward Howe *Music*—Wm. Steffe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, Glory Hallelujah.
Glory, Glory Hallelujah.
Glory, Glory Hallelujah.
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, Glory Hallelujah.
Glory, Glory Hallelujah.
Glory, Glory Hallelujah.
His truth is marching on.

Sheet Music and Band Parts of the copyrighted songs on this song sheet may be obtained from the publishers or at Music Stores.

Form No. 5

4 **COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN**
(4/4) **A flat**

O, Columbia! the gem of the ocean
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,

5 (4/4) **AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL** **C**
Tune, "Materna" By Samuel A. Ward
Words by Katharine Lee Bates

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimm'd by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

6 (4/4) **LONG, LONG AGO** **G**

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then, to all others my smile you preferr'd,
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

7 **CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY** **A flat**
(4/4) *Words and Music*—James Bland

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart does long to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn.
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the place where I was born.
CHORUS: Repeat first four lines.
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8 (4/4) **OLD FOLKS AT HOME** **D**
Words and Music—Stephen C. Foster

Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

CHORUS

All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

9 (4/4) **OLD BLACK JOE** **D**
Words and Music—Stephen C. Foster

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from this earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe".

CHORUS

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low,
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

10 (2/4) **DIXIE** **C**
Words and Music—Dan D. Emmett

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten,
Look away, Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS

Then I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,

11 (4/4) **MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME** **G**
Words and Music—Stephen C. Foster

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corntop's ripe, and the meadow's all in bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

CHORUS

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away

12 (3/4) **JUANITA** **E flat**
Words—Caroline Morton *Music*—Spanish Melody

Soft o'er the fountain,
Ling'ring falls the Southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain,
Breaks the day too soon!
In thy dark eyes' splendor,
Where the warm-light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender,
Speak their fond farewell.

CHORUS

Nita! Juanita!
Ask thy soul if we should part!
Nita! Juanita!
Lean thou on my heart.

13 (4/4) **HOME, SWEET HOME** **E flat**
Words—John Howard Payne *Music*—Henry R. Bishop

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

14 **DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES**
(6/8) *Words by Ben Johnson. Old English Air* **E flat**

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not change for thine.

15 **A MERRY HEART**
(6/8) **(Funiculi-Funicula)** **E Flat**

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
And so do I, AND SO DO I.
Some think it well to be all melancholic
To pine and sigh, TO PINE AND SIGH!
But I, I love to spend my time in singing
Some joyous song, SOME JOYOUS SONG,
To set the air with music bravely ringing,
Is far from wrong, IS FAR FROM WRONG.

CHORUS

Hearken, hearken, music sounds afar,
Hearken, hearken, music sounds afar,
Tra la la la, Tra la la la:
Tra la la la, Tra la la la:
Music sounds afar,
Tra la la la, Tra la la la. (Repeat)

16 (3/8) **SANTA LUCIA** C
Neapolitan Boat Song

Now 'neath the silver moon, ocean is glowing,
O'er the calm billow, soft winds are blowing;
Here balmy breezes blow, pure joys invite us,
And as we gently row, all things delight us.

CHORUS

Hark, how the sailor's cry joyously echoes nigh;
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!
Hark, how the sailor's cry joyously echoes nigh;
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

17 (3/4) **SWEET GENEVIEVE** A flat
By George Coope and Henry Tucker

O Genevieve, I'd give the world
To live again the lovely past,
Thy rose of youth was dew-impearl'd;
But now it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in ev'ry dream,
My waking thoughts are full of thee;
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer sea.

CHORUS

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve!
The days may come, the days may go,
But still the hands of mem'ry weave
The blissful dreams of long ago.

18 **BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS** (6/8) E flat
Words—Thomas Moore *Music*—Old Irish Tune

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away.
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

19 (2/4) **IN THE GLOAMING** F
Words—Metta Orred *Music*—Annie F. Harrison

In the gloaming, O my darling!
When the lights are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows falling,
Softly come and softly go.
When the winds are sobbing faintly,
With a gentle, unknown woe,
Will you think of me and love me,
As you did once long ago?

20 (6/8) **SWEET AND LOW** C
Words—Alfred, Lord Tennyson *Music*—Joseph Barnby

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

21 (4/4) **LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG** A flat
By G. Clifton Bingham and J. L. Molloy

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song,
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

CHORUS

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song, comes love's old sweet song.

22 (3/8) **THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET** A flat
Words—Samuel Woodworth *Music*—E. Kiallmark

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it;
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

CHORUS

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

23 (4/4) **AULD LANG SYNE** F
Words—Rob't. Burns *Music*—Scotch Air

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

24 (4/4) **ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT** D
(Round)

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.

25 (3/4) **LOVELY EVENING** G
(Round)

Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening,
When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

26 (4/4) **SMILES** A flat

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the teardrops,
As the sunbeams steal away the dew,
There are smiles that have a tender meaning,
That the eyes of love alone may see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

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27 (3/4) **TILL WE MEET AGAIN** A flat

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you.
Then the skies will seem more blue,
Down in lovers' lane, my dearie,
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Ev'ry tear will be a memory.
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.

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28 (4/4) **BLUE DIAMONDS** C

Little blue diamonds heaven sent to me
Precious as can be, and so wonderful to see
Tho' they are only little baby eyes
They are beacons on the road to Paradise.
Little blue diamonds, all the world to me,
Rarest of all gems that shine;
God gave me Heaven's greatest pleasure
When He gave to me this treasure,
Those little blue diamonds of mine.

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29 (4/4) **PEGGY** A flat

Peggy, come out and meet me, dear,
For you know in the spring it's ring-time weather,
Peggy, come out and greet me, dear
We'll roam the plains and country lane together, (Sweet Girlie),
We'll play along the moonlit way,
And as we swing along we'll sing a song or two,
Peggy, you've knocked my heart a twister, little sister, I love you.

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30 (3/5) **APPLE BLOSSOM TIME** C

I'll be with you in apple blossom time.
I'll be with you to change your name to mine.
One day in May, I'll come and say,
Happy the bride the sun shines on today.
What a wonderful wedding there will be,
What a wonderful day for you and me.
Church bells will chime, you will be mine
In apple blossom time.

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31 (3/4) **OH! WHAT A PAL WAS MARY** G

Oh! what a gal was Mary!
Oh! what a pal was she;
An angel was born on Easter morn,
And God sent her down to me.
Heart of my heart was Mary.
Soul of my soul divine;
Though she is gone, love lingers on,
For Mary, old pal of mine.

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32 (4/4) **BYE-LO** **E flat**

Bye-lo, your eyes are closin', hon';
Bye-lo, you'll soon be dozin', hon';
Oh! my little stick of ebony,
Your mammy's by your side;
Bye-lo, you're tired of playin', hon';
Bye-lo, your head is swayin', hon';
Time to take the train to slumberland;
The sandman's comin',
Your daddy's strummin'
Your mammy's hummin',
Good-bye-lo,
My baby's going to sleep.

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33 (3/4) **GOLDEN GATE** **G**

Golden gate, Golden gate, by the sea,
Someone's waiting, waiting there for me.
When my good ship comes a-sailing; happy I will be.
Open wide, swing aside, Golden gate,
Hear me calling, calling to my mate,
So drive away sadness,
Bring back the gladness;
Golden gate, open for me.

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34 (2/4) **PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES** **G**

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile;
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile boys—that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile!

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35 (6/8) **OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING** **G**

"Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;
For the hardest blow of all is to hear the bugler call:
You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning!
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead;
I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed."

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36 (2/4) **LI'L LIZA JANE** **E flat**

I'se got a gal and you got none, Li'l Liza Jane,
I'se got a gal and you got none, Li'l Liza Jane.

CHORUS

Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.
Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane,

Come, my love, and marry me, Li'l Liza Jane,
I will take good care of thee, Li'l Liza Jane.

CHORUS

Liza Jane done come to me, Li'l Liza Jane.
Both as happy as can be, Li'l Liza Jane.

CHORUS

House and lot in Baltimo', Li'l Liza Jane.
Lots of chilluns roun' de do', Li'l Liza Jane.

CHORUS

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37 (2/4) **HOW-DY** **B flat**

Now when we meet together,
Together, together,
No matter what the weather,
Or what the time of day,
Let's grab a hand and shake it,
And shake it, and shake it,
And as for greeting, make it
That good old-fashioned way:

CHORUS

How-dy do, Hen,
How-dy do, Jen,
How-dy do, Brother Hugh,
How-dy do, Sister Prue,
How-dy do, Bill,
How-dy do, Lil,
How-dy do, Lew and Sue,
How-dy do.

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38 (4/4) **PERFECT DAY** **A flat**

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
For the joy that the day has brought.
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong
With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

By permission Carrie J. Bond & Son

39 (4/4) **SWEET ADELINE** **B flat**

Sweet Adeline, my Adeline,
At night, dear heart, for you I pine;
In all my dreams your fair face beams;
You're the flower of my heart, sweet Adeline.

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40 (3/4) **HIAWATHA'S MELODY OF LOVE** **E flat**

And the song they sang was Hiawatha's Melody,
Just a golden memory of the days that used to be,
As they sat entranced beneath the weeping willow tree.
Ev'ry leaf up above seemed to tremble with love,
And the evening breeze sang Hiawatha's melody;
Sang it sweet and tenderly like a lover's rosary.
Now the song birds in Spring still remember and sing
Hiawatha's melody of love.

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41 (3/4) **LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY** **A flat**

With someone like you, a pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find,
Some place that's known to God alone,
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace,
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky,
We'll build a sweet little nest somewhere in the west,
And let the rest of the world go by.

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42 (3/4) **DADDY YOU'VE BEEN A MOTHER TO ME** **B flat**

Daddy, dear old daddy,
You've been more than a daddy to me.
You might have gone with the boys every night,
You gave them up just to bring me up right;
Daddy, dear old daddy, 'way up above she can see,
You were more than a dad,
You're the best friend I had;
Daddy, you've been a mother to me.

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43 (3/4) **CAROLINA SUNSHINE** **F**

Carolina Sun, I'm lonesome;
Carolina Sun, I'm blue;
When the day is done I'm pining
For a sight of you;
Makes no difference where I wander
Any place I chance to roam,
When the golden sun sinks in the west,
Then I think of home.

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44 (6/8) **MOTHER MACHREE** **C**

There's a spot in me heart which no colleen may own,
There's a depth in me soul never sounded or known;
There's a place in my mem'ry, my life that you fill,
No other can take it, no one ever will.

(3/4) CHORUS

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed, and wrinkled with care,
I kiss the dear fingers, so toil-worn for me,
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree!

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45 (4/4) **THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND** **D**

There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land,"
And it's wonderful to see.
Though it's sprayed with tears it will live for years
In my garden of memory.
It's the one red rose the soldier knows,
It's the work of the Master's hand;
'Mid the war's great curse stands the Red Cross Nurse,
She's the rose of "No Man's Land."

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46 **WHEN YOU LOOK IN THE HEART OF A ROSE** (3/4) **E flat**

Dear little rose, with your heart of gold,
Dear little rose, may your petals fold.
My secret sweet I will trust you to keep,
Deep in your heart 'twill repose.
No one will know what your leaves conceal,
No one will guess what they could reveal,
You will know then, that I love you dear,
When you look in the heart of a rose.

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47 (4/4) **MICKEY** **G**

Mickey, pretty Mickey, with your hair of raven hue;
In your smiling, so beguiling,
There's a bit of Killarney, bit of the Blarney, too.
Childhood, in the wildwood, like a mountain flow'r you grew,
Pretty Mickey, pretty Mickey,
Can you blame anyone for falling in love with you.

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48 (4/4) **SO LONG! OO-LONG** **F**

So long, Oo-long, how long you gonna be gone?
Your little Japanee,
Will be waiting underneath the bamboo tree;
So don't be too long, Oo-long, I'll long while you're away,
Waiting for the day when you'll come back to me.
I'll sit and sigh, 'neath the Oriental sky,
Each day that I am left alone, in Naki Saki,
So long, Oo-long, how long you goin' to roam?
Please don't be too long, Oo-long, so long, hurry back home.

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49 (6/8) **MISTRESS SHADY** **B flat**

O Mistress Shady, she is a lady;
She has a daughter, whom I adore.
Each day I court her, I mean the daughter,
Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday afternoon at half-past four.

50 (3/4) **BLOWING BUBBLES** **B flat**

I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air.
They fly so high, nearly reach the sky,
Then like my dreams they fade and die.
Fortune's always hiding, I've looked ev'rywhere;
I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air.

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51 (3/4) **DOWN THE TRAIL TO HOME SWEET HOME** **G**

Would you like to go back to Home, Sweet Home,
Where the world and your friends are true,
And down the lane to stroll again
Where mother waits for you?
When you've lost in the game of gold and fame,
And you're weary of fighting alone,
When the tears come I know
Then the heart aches to go
Down the trail to home, sweet home.

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52 (4/4) **LONG, LONG TRAIL** **G**

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

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